



"WHO IS IT HOLDING FORTH TO YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. BROWN?"

"IT'S PROFESSOR SPARKES. GEORGE RAVES ABOUT HIM. SAYS HIS CONVERSATION IS AN INTELLECTUAL TREAT. GO AND ASK TO BE INTRODUCED."

"THANKS; BUT I HARDLY FEEL EQUAL TO AN INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION THIS AFTERNOON. I THINK I'LL STOP WHERE I AM, IF YOU DON'T MIND!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 15.—A fine performance of *Tannhäuser*, with SUSAN STRONG as *Venus*, showing herself quite up to her name in every respect; while FRAU GADSKI was an admirable *Elisabeth*. Conductor was, for the first time, Herr Dr. MUCK. He's first-rate, so far: going so well, indeed, where this WAGNER is concerned, that the Syndicate would be justified in "running a-Muck" for the whole Wagnerian series. The two VANS, DYCK and ROOY, did not impede the traffic, but, *au contraire*, helped the action and the music, and, not being overladen VANS, carried every one with them. "Jupiter" PLAMONDON excellent and impressive as *Herman*, the King—or, as *Herbert Pocket* said of *Mr. Wopsle* as *Hamlet*, he was "massive and concrete."

Altogether, a fine performance, and very grand finale to Second Act. Royalty present: house crowded. *Vive Wagner!*

Thursday.—*Die Walküre*, but we were Walküre-ing off for Whitsun-tide, which, with Whitsun-time, waits for no man, and so must leave our brief comments on the *Walküre* family until we can sit down to it quietly. Where's the Anglo-German travestie of this work entitled "*Hookerie-Walküre*?"

COLOURABLE IMITATION.

Witness. "The difficulty is that no sooner does a song become popular than hundreds of other versions are published under the same title. There are seven different versions of *The Lost Chord*." Lord Knutsford "Do they vary the title at all—say, *The Found Chord*, or something of that sort?" "No, my lord."—*Report of the Select Committee of the Lords on the subject of Copyright.*]

PROMPTED by his lordship's hint as to the possibilities of a variation in title, trivial enough to be almost imperceptible, Mr. *Punch* hastens, in advance of fresh legislation, to publish modified versions of one or two well-known songs under titles so closely imitative that they might deceive even the original author.

I.

PRESENT YET ABSENT.

(To a *Garrulcus Consort.*)

Like the flight of a wombat
That swoops on a flea
Thy tongue is in combat
Quite often with me;
A two-fold arrangement—
I am where thou art;
Yet my head, in estrangement,
Is far from thy heart.

Speak up, I am near thee,
My distance I keep;
Cannot see thee, nor hear thee,
In fact am asleep;
Speak up, I'm complacent,
My silence is deep;
I'm away, though adjacent,
In fact am asleep!

If habit but quickens
The spell of thy sting,
My slumber but thickens
The point of the thing;
It is not thy rudeness,
That isn't the word;
It is not thy crudeness,
Though that is inferred;
What ruffles my hair, as
Thou oughtest to know,
Is that, without whereas,
Thou borest me so;
Yea, all that I seize on
As truly *de trop*,
Is that, without reason,
Thou borest me so.

Our second example is a revised topical version of *The Creole Love Song*. The original, itself slightly coloured in the Southern manner, was found to be still further colourable. We have accordingly added a tone or two of rich sepia, with a coat of mahogany varnish. The title remains practically unchanged.

II.

THE KAFFIR RUM SONG.

[Visitors are requested not to give drink to the natives—Notice at the *Greater Britain Exhibition.*]

I smile all day at the Earl's Court mob,
Till I ache, I ache, in my black, black nob;
I shiver and cough in the chill, chill rain,
And 'tis O, I would I were warm again.

O rum! O Jamaica rum!
The sort that they sell down south!
I pine in the pit of my tum,
For thee I pine in my large-sized mouth!

But O, if my feet had wings,
To fly like a 'possum far,
In a sardine-bev' to the ends of the earth,
Where DR BEERS and the deep bores are;
Away where the rum-barrel blooms
With balm for my thick, thick tongue;
If only to breathe of its odorous fumes,
Or to die with a kiss on its bung!

Will no man give me the price of a grog
For the sake of the whites that I'm here to slog?

It's dull work murdering WILSON's troop
With nothing to oil my sweet war-whoop!

O rum! O Jamaica rum!
The sort that they sell down south!
I pine in the pit of my tum,
For thee I pine in my large-sized mouth!

But O if my feathers were fur,
The fur of a Polar bear,
To fly where my wives in their bee-bee-hives
Are rending their back-, back-hair!

Away where a Kaffir may bask
Quite nude on his native heath,
And soak like a sponge at the up-tipped cask,
Or lie like a log underneath!

"Not annulation, but revision," is the cry in Paris now, regarding the DREYFUS case. We can well believe it: for "annulus" means a little ring, and annulation of course the "wheels within wheels," of which DREYFUS, France and the world are heartily sick.



IMPERIAL BRUIN

DRINKS TO PEACE, COUPLED WITH THE HEALTH OF HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF INDIA.

TO THE QUEEN,

FOR HER MAJESTY'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY,
MAY 24, 1899.

WHAT can we say that was left unsaid,
Lady and Queen, when the circled years,
Set as a glory about your head,
Won you worship above your peers ?
No new thing, as your heart knows well ;
Only again on a day of days
Some of the gathered love we tell
Deep in our hearts that lies always.

Still with this for your unspoilt dower
Tested of Time's unerring gauge,
Peace be yours of the evening hour
Down the westering ways of age ;
Still may the burden of life be felt
Hardly at all in the years' despite ;
Slow may the long-drawn shadows melt
Into the shade of the restful night.

SOME PROBABLE AGENDA

Of the Peace Conference now being held at the Hague.

§ 1. Declarations of war shall in future be abolished, as being calculated to wound the feelings of opponents. Hostilities shall be quietly and without undue fuss commenced, as early as possible before the other side has had due warning or time for preparation. The initial advantage thus gained will tend to cripple the enemy and thereby bring about a more lasting peace.

§ 2. The term *causus belli* shall be discarded, both phrase and connotation being antiquated. The more modern "pin-prick" shall be substituted, and deemed a sufficient cause for energetic reprisals by land and sea.

§ 3. A commission of 50 per cent. shall in future be paid upon all future war indemnities into the Pool or Imperial Treasury of Russia, that Power being the promoter of the Peace Conference.

§ 4. All further discussion as to the policy of the "Open Door" shall be dropped, as being calculated to lead to useless friction.

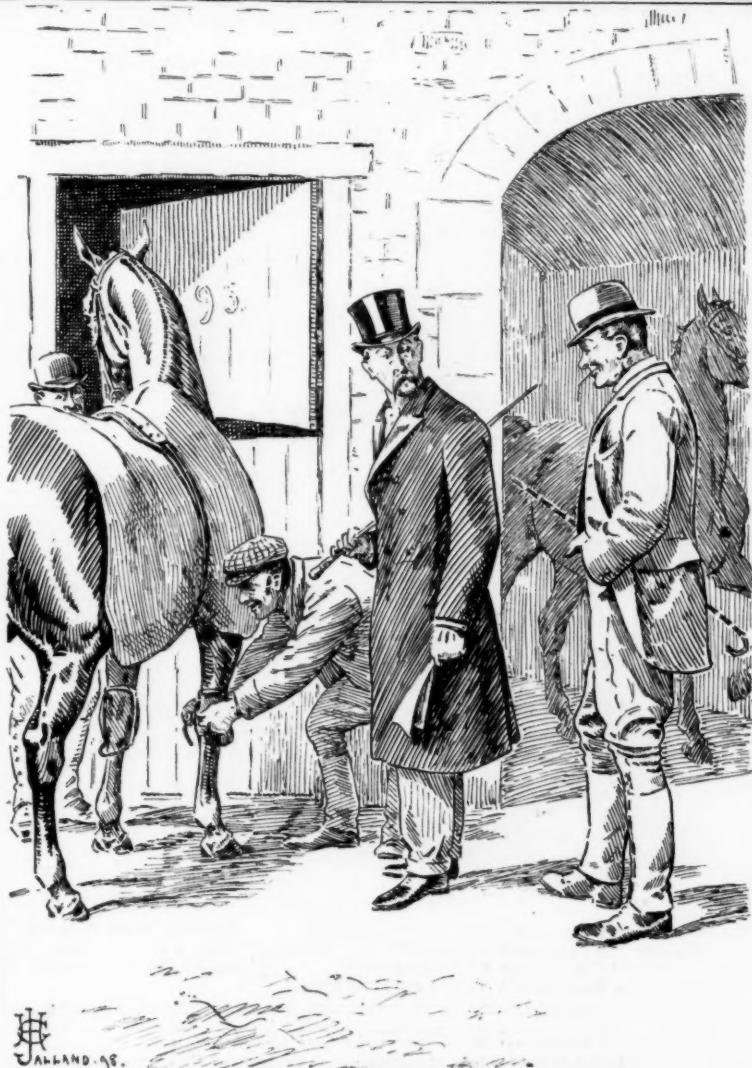
§ 5. The Great Powers shall first annex and disarm the smaller States, and shall then successively disarm themselves, England having the priority in this respect, as the premier naval Power, and Russia coming last, as occupying that position in alphabetical order.

§ 6. Every intending belligerent shall pledge himself to refrain from the use of bows and arrows, arquebuses, catapults, battering-rams, cross-bows, Greek fire, chariots with scythes attached to the axles, and elephants-of-war. An infringement of this shall be reckoned as one point to the opposite team, with a further fine of ten points to the pool (see section 3).

§ 7. Every campaign shall be conducted according to the scoring principles of the game of billiards. Each victory to count a certain number of points according to the decision of the umpire, who shall be (*ex officio*) the TSAR; the game to be not less than a hundred up, and the stakes to be paid into the pool (see section 3). Marker to be Mr. W. T. STMD.

§ 8. No persons under seven years of age, or over eighty, to be liable for conscription; the enlistment of women to be discouraged; and perambulators and other similar deadly machines shall not be allowed in action under any circumstances.

§ 9. War correspondents to rank above Field-Marshals, and to be responsible for the plan of campaign in the inverse ratio of their age and experience.



A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

Horsey Stranger (to Potter, who has just picked up a bargain at Tatts). "SMART COB, YOU'VE GOT THERE, GUVNOR!" Potter (rather pleased). "YES, I THINK SO. DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM, I SUPPOSE?" Horsey Stranger (chuckling). "WELL, I'VE SEEN 'IM ERE REGULAR EVERY WEEK FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS—THAT'S ALL I KNOW!"

O THAT THEY, TOO, WERE MAYING!

DEAR EVERGREEN ONE.—The charming appeal you once made for the "Holiday Homes" for sick and crippled and town-imprisoned children has not yet been forgotten. It gave a splendid lift to lots of them right out into the green fields. I write now to remind you of this lest your own good deeds should have escaped your memory. I don't know how money could be much better spent than in such a cause. See, I burst out into reminiscent rhyme:

O that they, too, were maying,
This once by woodland and down,
Sick children with violets playing
Away from the smoke of town !

You May, Mr. Punch, and I May, and so does your Mr. PHIL MAY (or we might when we were younger), and why May not they ? Let your good-hearted readers see to it that the

Fund at 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, which sends these children into the sweet air for a day, or a fortnight, or more in the case of invalids, shall not fail for want of their sympathy.

A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

SIR.—Why not stop *all* Sunday Papers ? I get away on Saturday, midday, and don't want to hear or see any more of business until Monday morning. As long as no one in the same line as myself sees a paper, no one can steal a march upon me, except by private information, which he can get any day of the week. I don't care a dump for what happened on Saturday after business hours, and as to reports of operas, plays, and such like matters, surely it is much better to have it all fresh on Monday ? Yours,

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.



Mistress. "WELL NOW, WHAT CAN YOU COOK?" Applicant. "OH, I CAN COOK ANYTHINK, MUM."
 Mistress. "WHAT ABOUT ENTREES?" Applicant. "YES, I CAN DO ONTRAYS, MUM."
 Mistress. "CAN YOU DO A VOL-AU-VENT?" Applicant (doubtfully). "WELL, MUM, IN MY LAST PLACE THERE WAS ONCE SOME TALK ABOUT A VOLLELVONG, BUT IT FELL THROUGH."

AN EXPERIMENT IN SWINBURNIAN RHYTHM.
 CLOUD-canopied, clad in the curtain of crimson, that Spring's ruddy sunshine suffuses at daybreak,
 The top of the pine-covered mountain arises, eternal, unbending, rock-helmeted, lone,
 The dark purple pall of the cloud hovers over it, silent, deep-throbbing, that soon, haply, may break,
 With echoes full resonant, rich and harmonious, tuned to the music of ocean's soft moan.
 Yet not from the mountain, nor lightning fork vivid, nor deep-throated thunder in full diapason,
 Nor pine tree, with scent like the incense-charged fane, giving semblance of altar and chancel and nave,
 Awoke on the lyre the wild chord of devotion (the instrument rapturous solitude plays on),
 Nor yearnings and strivings perplexing, bewildering—the form and the key and the harmony gave.
 Nor was it the Sea with its rumble and ripple, its breakers and shingle advancing and falling,
 Its fickle, flecked foam and its deep purple hue (that reminded the Greek of his resinous wine),
 That this lyric inspired, ah! not therefore I chaunted in fury and frenzy these verses appalling,
 But solely and simply to make the experiment how many words I could cram in a line.

THE DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF THE FIRST MATCH OF THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.—GRACE before and after meet.

AN APPARENT DIFFICULTY.

SOMEBODY asked Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, of Covent Garden, how it could be arrived at that every one should be in time for the Opera, at the commencement, so as not to disturb any one during an act? NEIL FORSYTH didn't know: he was puzzled. We would suggest begin earlier, and play a *lever du rideau* first. What piece? That's the affair of N. F., and of his Directors. Why not revive the ballet? Only, open the entertainment with it. This suggestion removes a lot of difficulties.

But there's something more important still. Save quite three-quarters of an hour in the whole performance by not allowing more than "ten minutes for refreshment" between the acts. Singers are not more exhausted with their efforts than actors; besides, it does not frequently happen that those principals who finished Act. II. are the first to appear when the curtain goes up on Act. III. They would have, as a rule, the ten minutes' wait and a chorus, at least, before they need leave their dressing-rooms. No. There's a lot of time wasted at the Opera, and only the boredom of lounging in lobbies to fill it up.

"EPEA PTERÖNTA."—By means of the most recent discovery in wireless telephony, words spoken by a person sending a message can be photographed as they are on their way in the air! This is indeed a "Sound View."

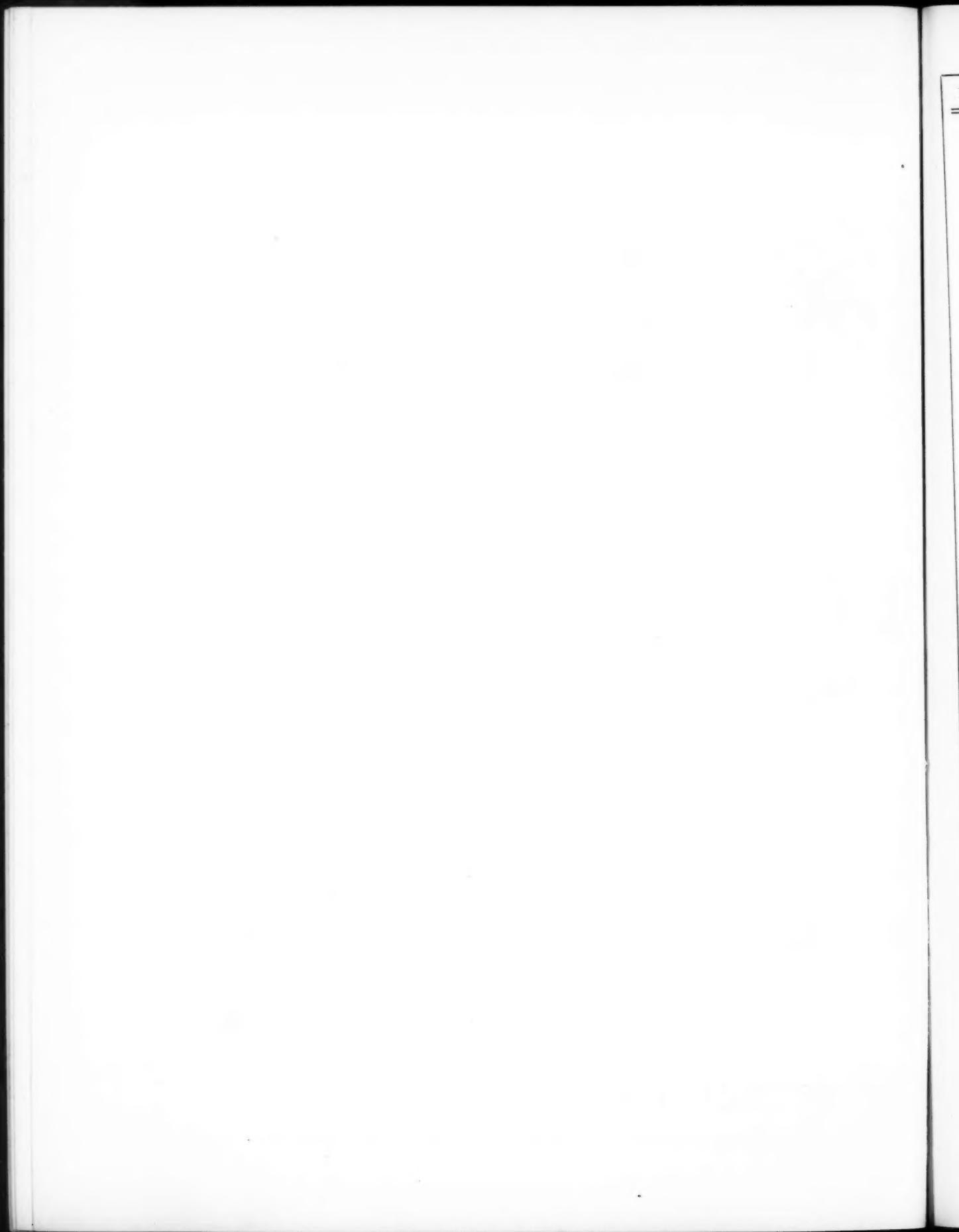
NATURAL remark of a Shareholder in the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway on learning the projected improvements at Victoria Station.—"Good, eh?"



AVE ! VICTORIA, REGIN



REGINA ET IMPERATRIX!





"WANTED, A CHAPERONE, GOOD NERVE INDISPENSABLE."

[“NEW YORK GIRLS’ LATEST.—One of the sights that early morning visitors to Central Park have a chance to enjoy is the appearance of young ladies who are being tutored in the art of ‘tooling’ four-in-hand teams . . . the chaperone and the guards occupying seats in the body brake always used for the purposes of instruction.”—*New York Times*.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Passing of Prince Rosan* (THOMAS BURLEIGH), Mr. JOHN BICKERDYKE contrives to make us sup full of horrors. His characters include an Afghan Prince, who doubles the parts of dusky patriot and British swindler, a pre-Hooleyan company promoter, who buys coronets for the front pages of his prospectuses, and is eventually revealed as the steward of the Afghan patriot’s patent yacht, and a lovely Indian princess who is, in reality, the daughter of an English peer. With the rest of the characters, they march through scenes of storm on many seas. There are dark intrigues, there are torpedoes, there is electricity, and there is piracy. The supposed narrator, Mr. Lucas Gilbert, is a barrister sensitive to the appeals of beauty, and an occasional destroyer of the Queen’s English. We are told that he was once at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Not there surely did they teach him to write that “the minds of we poor harassed mortals were apt to run riot,” that “we were sitting at the table with men whom we feared had the intention of marooning us,” or that “as for we men, we had lost the day.” Not even prolonged intercourse with a fraudulent Afghan can excuse these solecisms on the part of the heroic but unfortunate barrister.

A *Paladin of Philanthropy* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) gives the title to a collection of those delightful papers which only Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON can write. He has, my Baronite says, the key of the wine-cellars of English literature of the Augustan and the Silver Ages. At will he brings up bumpers fresh and cool, lacking nothing of colour or bouquet by reason of age. The present volume is particularly opportune in its appearance, since it contains an excellent account of Old Whitehall and the peerless Banqueting House, sole legacy of the seventeenth century to the (in respect of architecture) degenerate nineteenth. In other papers, GOLDSMITH, STEELE, and JOHN GAY live in the very clothes of their time.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has long been naturalised in this country. Never before have his Fairy Tales been turned forth in such sumptuous dress at moderate charges as Messrs. NEWNS have arrayed them withal. My Baronite, reading again the familiar stories, comes upon one written long before Sedan, which shows how this other Dane’s prophetic soul beheld in the future one of the products of that great tragedy. Many years ago he wrote, “There lived an Emperor who was so fond of having new

clothes that he spent all his money upon dress and finery. He had a coat for every hour in the day, and just as in other countries they say of a king, ‘His Majesty is in the Council Chamber,’ they said of him, ‘The Emperor is in his dressing-room.’” The stories are charmingly illustrated by upwards of 400 pictures from the pencil of Miss HELEN STRATTON.

FLORENCE WARDEN is entitled to the degree of “M. S.,” meaning Master of the Sensational. Grateful must all who pine for excitement in novel-reading be to this authoress, inasmuch as she has not kept *The Secret of Lyndale* to herself, but has published it to the world, per Messrs. F. V. WHITE & CO. Chapter after chapter leads the reader on, and it is with considerable reluctance that the deeply interested peruser puts down the book at the sound of the dinner hour, or when unconquerable drowsiness compels him to remember bed time. What is *The Secret*? Well, the Baron knows, and ventures to think it is so highly improbable as to amount almost to impossible, admitting, however, that there is much virtue in “almost.” The story serves its purpose, which is to interest absorbingly up to a point within measurable distance of the *dénouement*. The Baron can quote the heroine’s words as applicable to the whole story. Says Meg, on learning the secret, “Well, that is scarcely conceivable to me,” and at one with the opinion of the heroine is that of the diffident and sympathetic

BARON DE B. W.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

“The sentiment concerning Sunday Papers at Eton.”

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I really must write telling you my surprise at the strange omission made by Lord ROSEBERRY in his speech about Sunday Papers. Why, fancy, he—a jolly good chap and an Etonian—never even suggested the suppression of the only Sunday Papers which I, and all my tutor’s pupils, cordially loathe! I allude to the long-prevalent custom here of “setting” seventh day papers, known locally as Sunday “Q’s,” or Questions. The issue of these things entails *Sabbath Day Labour* upon *Over a Thousand Etonians*, who, goodness knows, are worked hard enough six days of the week! Please agitate for us in the matter. The pater advised me to write to the *Times*, but I thought, perhaps, that journal might not take me seriously. Besides, you’ve always been a pal of mine. Hoping to see you on the “Fourth,”

Yours with a great grievance, SCROGGINS MAJOR.



Inquisitive Guardian. "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU ANY CHILDREN?"

Applicant for Relief. "No."

Guardian. "BUT—ER—SURELY I KNOW A SON OF YOURS?"

Applicant. "WELL, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL A CHILD CHILDREN!"

THE AGE OMNISCIENT.

O AGE omniscient! O youth
That knoweth all things (bless it!)
And swiftly grasps a subtle truth
When Age can only guess it!
Ah! who shall say by what strange chance
We fall, on leaving College,
To universal ignorance
From universal knowledge?

I have a friend, just fresh from Greats,
And soon to be a Fellow.
He reads the purport of the Fates
As lightly as *Sordello*.
Ah! Genius of twenty-one!
I, older than his mother,
Can neither understand the one,
Nor comprehend the other.

All things to him are clear as light;
He's sure—no hesitation—
That this is wrong and that is right,
That bad beyond salvation;
There is no truth in earth or sky
But he'll at once detect it—

He knows that I'm a duffer—I
But only half suspect it.

In politics, beyond a doubt,
We have no single statesman,
Nor are we like to have, without
A certain youthful Greatsman.
Were he in office, we should see
A world of peace and plenty—
Well, well, I knew as much as he,
When I was one-and-twenty.

But possibly his master-mind
Won't always bear such tension,
And some day he may something find
Beyond his comprehension;
And when he's tried his wares to show,
And finds the world won't buy 'em,
My genius perhaps will grow
As great a fool as I am.

IN an asylum at Boston, there were recently eleven men who imagined themselves each to be the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is not stated whether they knew that they were mad.

A "HOWL" AT SURREY.

[“W. D. HOWELL made a sensational *début* for the Australians against Surrey at the Oval by taking ten wickets for twenty-eight runs.”—*Daily Paper*.]

TUNE—“Ten Little Nigger Boys.”

ELEVEN little Surrey boys going in to play,
HOWELL went on and ten boys were they.
Ten little Surrey boys trying hard to shine,
HOWELL kept on and soon they were nine.
Nine little Surrey boys in parlous state,
HOWELL still trundling turned them to eight.

Eight little Surrey boys left from eleven,
HOWELL reduced them quickly to seven.
Seven sad Surrey boys all in a fix,
A “break from the off” and HOWELL made 'em six.

Six little Surrey boys scarcely alive,
A “head” ball from HOWELL and then they were five.

Five little Surrey boys feeling very sore,
A fast one from HOWELL and then they were four.

Four little Surrey boys quite “up a tree,”
“C and b HOWELL” made the number three.

Three little Surrey boys awfully “blue,”
HOWELL bowled CLODE, and then there were two.

Two little Surrey boys tried to stop the rout,
HOWELL bowled one and the side was all out.

SOMETHING INSTEAD.

BEFORE the International Peace Congress gets really to work it would be well to have the moot point settled, Who is running it? Is it the TSAR or Mr. STEAD? From paragraphs appearing in some of the papers—“I wonder how these things get into the papers,” said Mr. Crummles—it would seem that the TSAR of All the Russias plays second fiddle, whilst the author of *The Maiden Tribute* leads the orchestra. It would be a pity if a great and beneficent endeavour for the welfare of mankind were made ridiculous, and therefore inoperative, because no one thinks it his business to put aside a fussy person. There may be something inSTEAD besides a capacity for self-advertising. Let it be displayed in some other field.



Mamma. "Dear me, Nelly! How have you torn that great hole in your Pinafore?" It wasn't there this morning!"

Nelly. "Where do you suppose it was then, Mammie dear?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 15.—We all know the fate of the pitcher that goes often to the well. Old proverb illustrated to-night in sad case of JOSEPH WALTON. Many times he has thrilled House into respectful silence by disclosure of knowledge of the inner ways of China, his glib utterance of its many-syllabled names. (SARK says China hasn't, after all, so much to boast of in this matter. Effect is cunningly worked up with hyphens. Take any sentence from a Welsh poem, dexterously insert hyphens, strew about capital letters, and you have something not only as unintelligible as the Chinese, but what looks quite as picturesque.) To-night, grown reckless by success, WALTON went just a syllable too far.

Bombarded ST. JOHN BRODRICK with questions as to report of Russia's latest demand for what is politely called a concession. Is Russia scheming to construct a railway from New-Chang to Peking, thus connecting it with the railway going southward to Pao-Ting, so that Russian troops on the march of conquest southward may, at ease, cool their feet in the basin of the Yangtse? This went off very well, at first essay. It was Pao-Ting that choked off the Yorkshire member who has "travelled extensively in India, Burma, and Africa." Rising a third time to fire off his question at trembling target of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Pao-Ting stuck in his throat.

Only a moment, but sufficient to give SPEAKER his opportunity. Up like a shot. Ruled that hon. member was going beyond limits of a question. Literal truth is, he was struggling to get inside them. All the same, WALTON sat down, and ST. JOHN BRODRICK breathed again.

Business done.—Another cheerful evening with London Government Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Regret to find noble Lords pecking at each other just as if



"SPORTING WITH AG-R ELL-S (AND CO.) IN THE SHADE."

(Another web-full for the wily old spy-der of Pretoria.)

they were common mortals. In Committee on Metropolitan Water Bill; Lord JAMES in charge; moves to omit Clause 3 inserted by Select Committee presided over by Lord RIBBLESDALE. Lord TWEEDMOUTH took liberty of offering few remarks in support of clause. This reckless conduct forced JAMES OF HEREFORD's hand. Had long known TWEEDMOUTH's guilty secret. Came down to House without intention of disclosing it; disposed rather to carry it with him to the grave. *Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin Marjoribanks.*

"What," says Lord JAMES, sternly regarding culprit across the Table, "was the noble Lord doing in the Committee room whilst the Water Bill was under discussion?"

Blood forsook the countenance of the arraigned peer, as the tide ebbs from the feet of the ancient town whence he derives his territorial dignity. The scanty Opposition huddled together as sheep forewarned of coming storm. What fearful charge underlay this inquiry? What terrible confession was the House about to hear?

Staggering to his feet, holding on to the Table for support, TWEEDMOUTH hoarsely whispered, "I was there for an hour and twenty minutes, but—." Here the audience, scarcely less affrighted than the accused, strained their ears to catch the almost inaudible whisper—"simply as a spectator."

"The noble Lord," said the accuser, sternly, "was giving moral support to the Chairman of the Committee."

This brought Lord RIBBLESDALE to the front, with gallant assurance that "my noble friend gave me no moral support."

At this point, disturbed by unwanted sounds, the MARKISS, who had sweetly slept through JAMES OF HEREFORD's Episcopal charge in moving rejection of clause, woke up, hurriedly acquainted himself with purport of conversation, and assumed function of peacemaker. Lord TWEEDMOUTH's presence in Committee room not denied; keen eye of JAMES OF HEREFORD had pierced

the flimsy disguise of the black cloak, the wig, the patched eye, and the vain assumption of Italian accent. The MARKISS chiefly anxious to avoid scandal.

"The noble Lord's presence," he said, "seems to have been as mysterious and important as the Secret dossier, but I think noble Lords may dismiss it from their minds."



"THE BREAK-UP OF BOWLES."

The gallant CAP'EN TOMMY having almost reached the "irreducible minimum" in the matter of limbs, has now been "decimated to the extent of"—one Aye!



OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
Toby, M.P., takes leave of the Speaker's
Secretary. (Mr. E. Gilly.)



"YOU CAN'T SIT THERE, MUM. THESE HERE SEATS ARE RESERVED."
 "YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE AWARE THAT I'M ONE OF THE DIRECTORS' WIVES!"
 "AND IF YOU WAS HIS ONLY WIFE, MUM, I COULDN'T LET YOU SIT HERE."

Avowedly they did. At least, no more said, but among the mysteries enfolded in the broad bosom of the dying Nineteenth Century will ever remain the purpose of Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S visit to the chamber in which sat the Select Committee on the Metropolitan Water Bill.

Business done.—Dramatic scene in House of Lords. Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD unmasks Lord TWEEDMOUTH.

Friday.—Capital title "Our" Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has for his voluminous circular describing his business trip to the Far East. *The Break-Up of China* he calls it. CHARLIE is himself though China fall. Amongst many shrewd observations is one summing up his conclusions of what should be British policy with respect to China. "I hold that to break up a dismasted craft, the timbers of which are stout and strong, is the policy of the wrecker for his own gain. The real seaman tows her into dock and refits her for another cruise."

Thus CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, having received fresh injury in his daily fight, has arranged to be towed into dock for the Whitsun Recess, coming out spick and span, refitted for another cruise when House meets again. Long his war-worn, weather-beaten figure has lent pathetic interest to

the corner seat above gangway, where, like Providence, he sits up aloft and watches over JACK TAR JOKIM and other of Her Majesty's Ministers. A leg lost at Trafalgar, an arm shot clean away at Navarino, his best white ducks perforated in the rear with the only grape-shot fired off Bonnarsund, it seemed that Fate had done its worst to the veteran. Last Friday night, in Committee of Ways and Means on the Budget Bill, he, as all the world knows, came out of the Division Lobby with only one "Aye."

There is a good deal of talk about the partition of China. In the comparative leisure of the Recess let the civilised world pause and shed a tear over the partition of TOMMY BOWLES.

Business done.—House adjourned for the Whitsun Recess.

"CHEZ TATA."

[Mr. and Mrs. TATA, "the two Indian subjects of more than ordinary interest," now on a visit to this country.]

UNFORTUNATE names for English hospitality to exercise itself upon. No sooner has a host welcomed Mr. TATA with "How d'ye do," than he must add "Ta Ta."

PRIVATE VIEWS: MOSTLY UNPOPULAR.

(From Mr. Punch's *Vagrant*.)

NO. II.—EMPIRE MAKERS.

If I had a son (but I haven't got one,
 Which I state in order to counteract
 The charge that the verse I indite is not one
 Which is based on fancy and not on fact.

For I know there's a kind of necromancy
 Which enables a reader at once to guess
 That an article based on the merest fancy
 Is nothing but facts in a fancy dress.

So I state it again as a final judgment,
 This declaration about my son,
 Which is certainly not in the least for fudge
 meant,—

I haven't a son, Sir, no not one).

But if I were a father (some day I may be),
 I never should hesitate at all:
 I should train my innocent babbling baby
 To the making of Empires large or small.

The education would not be easy;
 But what of that? It's a great career:
 You start on a slope that's nice and greasy,
 And, whizz! you've a million or so a year.

If any one ventures to say "Jehannum!
 Who's this that rushes?" you just reply:
 "I'm running up Empires, *lot per annum*;
 Join in, if you like, or I'll pass you by."

I should hire a Professor of Shares to lecture,
 With a model "House" as a lecture-room,
 On water-tight methods that best connect
 your

Particular gain with a public boom,

With a slight *excusus* on, say, unloading
 Shares of a value of all-my-eye;
 And a word (to the wise) on a plan for goading
 The public fools to a rush to buy.

He should teach the art, which perhaps is
 rarest

In a world where the things that are seem
 best,
 Of making that dividend look fairest
 Which is never declared, but always
 guessed.

For toys he'd give him those well-known
 toy ducks

That are bought and sold, though the
Times rebukes,

A couple or so of gilt decoy-ducks,
 Spelt in the latest style as "dukes."

Then I'd send the lad to a place near Iceland,
 Where he'd plant a flag and construct a
 town,

And write to his friends of his cold but nice
 land

As "another gem for the British Crown."

"You may take my word," he would add,
 "I'll pledge it

To an iceberg being a golden heap;
 And the ocean here if you only dredge it,
 You can wallow in nuggets ankle deep."

He'd call it "The British Arctic Regions,"
 And form a company high in price,
 And Britain would send her sons in legions
 To search for gold in a land of ice.

If he grabbed by a trick some neighbouring
 cold State

No loss of credit would make him sore:
 "It's only," he'd say, "a rich, dull, old State;
 I'm Empire-making and nothing more"

So they'd make him an Earl, all gay and
 baited,

And rich as ROTHSCHILD or MR. BRIT,
 And sing his praise till the icebergs melted,
 And the Empire went to the *Ewigkeit*.